

Self-Taught by NeroAnne

Series: [Stonathan Week 2018 \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-04

Updated: 2018-10-04

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:46:27

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,205

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan is a yoga instructor and Steve is his actor client.

I got nothing else so there it is.

Self-Taught

Author's Note:

This is modern. Like 2015 +

“Your three o’clock is going to be late.”

Jonathan skidded to a stop, staring at his receptionist. If his mouth wasn’t wrapped around a peach, it would be frowning. She stared back, her bright blue eyes blinking cutely. Detaching his teeth from the dented fruit, he sighed. “How late?”

“About twenty minutes.”

“I almost killed myself trying to get out of traffic to get here on time and the guy decided to drag ass.” He took a bite of his peach, shaking his head. “Who was it?”

“Steve Harrington.” At his blank look, she giggled, “The actor,” she supplies, grinning as he snorted.

“Of course,” he muttered, “Prima donna. Just bring him in once he gets here.”

“Will do!” Nancy chirped and he smiled at her before making his way towards the back of the studio where a narrow hallway led him to the room further from the entrance. It was a closed off area, only meant for him and whoever he was doing his one-on-ones with.

He opened the door and then promptly dropped his yoga bag. Now that he had extra time, there was no need to rush. He chewed idly on his peach as he turned on the speakers, his hand reaching into the elastic of his joggers to grab his phone.

He searched up his playlist, setting it on shuffle and exhaling as the first song began to play. He finished his fruit, tossing the pit into the little trash-can besides the window, and then moved towards his bag.

He unrolled the green yoga mat and then began stretching, humming along to The Talking Head’s *Psycho Killer*. He bent over at the waist,

easily pressing his palms against his toes. The familiar stretch was second nature, as were most, and he sighed as he felt the muscles in his hamstrings loosen.

“What the hell kind of music is this?”

He turned his head towards the door, stunned. Slowly, he straightened, exhaling slowly through his nose. Frowning, he stared at the man in the doorway.

His dark hair was a bit on the long side, curling against his shoulders nearly. It was a rich brown color, held back by a blue headband. His eyes were round and a nice dark color, framed by thick black lashes. His jaw was completely unfair, as was the slightly dopey grin he was wearing.

“You’re my three o’clock?” Jonathan asked, tilting his head.

“Yeah, yeah,” the man stared at the speakers as if they were foreign, “Um, this doesn’t seem like the kind of music a yoga instructor would play.”

“I’m unorthodox,” Jonathan replied with a shrug, “but if it bothers you, you’re more than welcome to connect your Bluetooth to the speakers and play your own music.”

“Sweet!” he rummaged in his back, tongue flicking out to wet his lips. “Oh, I’m Steve Harrington by the way but you probably already knew that.”

Arrogant.

“It doesn’t ring a bell,” Jonathan said honestly, feeling only slightly bad at the pathetically betrayed look on the actor’s face.

“You ever see *The Sacrament*? ”

The Sacrament was a very old horror movie. A classic, really. In the plot, a grieving widower attempts to summon the spirit of his wife using an old spell-book he inherited from his mysterious great grandmother. Without meaning to, he guides the spirit of his wife into the body of their ten-year-old daughter.

Conflicted with her sudden feelings towards her father and the voice of her dead mother in her head, the girl becomes hysteric and uses the same book to find a way to reverse the effect, inadvertently summoning a demon instead.

It was one of Jonathan's favorite horror movies.

"No way," He murmured, eyes narrowing. "You were in that movie?"

Steve smiled sheepishly, "Actually, no. I was kinda hoping that you had never seen it so that I can spin some story about starring in it." He rubbed the back of his neck, "I do commercials, mostly but I finally landed a pretty good gig. I'm going to be playing a street-fighter and my agent told me that I should really try working on my flexibility."

"I see," Jonathan nodded, smiling lightly, "Well, you came to right place. Why don't we start with some stretching?"

"You got it. Oh, hang on," Steve fiddled with his phone and then his eyes lit up as a new song came on the speakers.

Jonathan cringed. Oh god.

Bon Jovi.

--

"You're too tense," Jonathan chided, staring at his client. "Really, if you would just do the stretches I taught you during your free time then this would be cake for you right now."

"Yeah..." Steve panted, eyes shut tight, "Cake...sure..." he groaned, and Jonathan could see his elbows begin to quiver. He was currently practicing the bridge pose, a move that Jonathan had assumed would be easy for the man seeing as he had long arms and legs.

"Ease out of it slowly," Jonathan allowed and he chuckled in amusement as Steve shouted his relief once he flat on his back on the mat.

"Jesus Christ," Steve panted, "This is pretty damn advanced!"

“Well, you’ve been coming here for eight weeks now and you’re more than good at the beginner poses so I thought I would throw in something a little more trying.”

“I bet you can do that easily, huh? Show me.” Steve demanded, rolling carefully onto his stomach and supporting his chin on his hands.

Jonathan indulged him. Standing in the middle of his mat, he bent backwards, tilting his body back until his palms met the floor. He inhaled through his nose, letting the breath rest in his sternum, and then carefully folded himself further, settling into his knees and then bending his arms, ending in the Kapotasana pose.

He stayed that way for a few moments before using his abdominal muscles to lean back, his palms pressing against the mat as he slowly pushed himself back up to a kneeling position. He looked to Steve, seeing the slack-jawed look on the older man’s face.

“How the hell did you do that?” he asked, awed, “That was...that was amazing. It was beautiful.”

Jonathan shrugged, a shy smile on his face, “Found out I was bendy when I was younger. A useless talent that I exploit to make money.”

Steve laughed, “Isn’t that what we all do in life? But seriously,” his grin softened, “That was fantastic.”

Jonathan smiled back. “Wait until I teach you how to do it.”

“I sincerely doubt I’ll ever even get close to that,” Steve snorted, “But hey, you got me to be able to touch my toes. That’s a good start.”

They sat in the half-lotus pose for the remainder of the class. They breathed silently, the sound of *Queen* droning lowly in the background.

“So, were you self-taught?”

“I was,” Jonathan confirmed. “Pretty much just started reading up poses online and looking at some videos. I got through the rest just by trial and error.”

“Sounds like my entire career,” Steve chuckled, “I’m also self-taught. We have that in common.”

Jonathan glanced at Steve, smiling when he noticed how the other man was raising his arms above his head in a long stretch. “That we do.”

--

Author's Note:

Eh. Not my favorite but oh well.